

Church bells ring, carry me home; by kotaro_kun

Series: It's Nice to Have a Friend [3]

Category: IT (2017), IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Aged-Up Character(s), Alternate Universe - No Pennywise (IT), Angst and Hurt/Comfort, Angst with a Happy Ending, But really just implied, Childhood Friends, Comedian Richie Tozier, Fame, Fluff, Fluff and Angst, Getting Back Together, Getting Together, Growing Up Together, Implied Sexual Content, Implied/Referenced Drug Use, M/M, Model Eddie Kaspbrak, Tooth-Rotting Fluff, Wedding Fluff, Weddings, everything begins and ends fine, implied anorexia, is just the middle and the memories of their time separate that are angst, they have a pomeranian

Language: English

Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Sonia Kaspbrak, Stanley Uris, The Losers Club (IT)

Relationships: Bill Denbrough & Richie Tozier, Eddie Kaspbrak & Richie Tozier, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

Status: Completed

Published: 2019-12-01

Updated: 2019-12-01

Packaged: 2019-12-19 02:02:07

Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,853

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

"What I'm saying is: you don't look at each other with butterflies and happiness. I mean, you both know that things can't be perfect and won't be perfect. You look at each other with reality, but at the same time there's this feel," He trailed off, shrugging, seemingly at a lost for words. Bill. The writer. "I guess at the same time it seems like there's still a fairytale awaiting you two."

Richie exhaled the smoke through his nose nodding. He got it. "This isn't puppy love. It's real life."

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The goal: to laugh forever with someone he took serious."

Church bells ring, carry me home;

Author's Note:

hey so i came back, later than the last time, but my main computer is a work in progress so i'm having to use this dinosaur of a notebook to do my stuff and i'm not feeling it. besides it was my birthday on the 24 so i wanted two weeks just for me, of course. as i'm writing something comes over me and angst just happens, deal with it. love u.

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*“To love somebody is not just a strong feeling —
it is a decision, it is a judgement, it is a promise.
If love were only a feeling, there would be no basis
for the promise to love each other forever.
A feeling comes and it may go.”*

It's april. It's their wedding. Well, it's Eddie's *perfect* spring wedding.

Richie watched the commotion around him, backed against the wall in the outside of the mansion they had rented, as always a cigarette and a — not as usual — amused smirk on his lips.

Eddie was by the edge of the manicured garden where their reception would be taking place — the light playing on his skin like he was a canvas —, being the center of everything as always, talking with the wedding planner, motioning frantically with one hand while the other was occupied by their pomeranian — who was as spoiled as his mama — under his arm, tail wagging back and forth — a blur of white, clearly happy to see his owner boss people around .

Even with the shadows in the garden dancing across him, the sunshine somehow always found a way to grace Eddie's olive skin with spots of yellow, emerald and red. Richie hoped he would keep in his memory how everything shone like velvet.

At first his hands, may looked uncoordinated but even a common person could see the delicacy, the grace and the fluidity of his movements. Could feel the aura around him.

Every stranger would give Edward Kaspbrak a second glance, or a *third* .

Richie smoked the last of his cigarette before stepping on it, but not moving.

Like this he believed in everything people said, that Eddie was made for nothing less than extraordinaire. With three photographers pointing their lenses at him, Richie no doubt they were getting beautiful candid shots. Those were his favorite.

Sometimes he looked at him now, with gracious limbs and a straight back and didn't remember the little boy held captive by his own

mother.

He didn't remember the scrawny teenager who lost the breath climbing the rocks they were used to run up since kids.

The kid that was lion hearted — even with shaking hands and quivery voice. But it's been long since Richie learned that Eddie's softness wasn't a weakness.

That the fact that his world was the color of pearls: pale white, and pink and softly glowing — didn't mean there wasn't darkness and shadows lurking, hidden so well among the glow.

As they say: a star needs a dark sky to shine. And Eddie burned with a nervous brightness that sometimes was unbearable to look directly.

"You two are made for each other."

He turned around startled to find Bill, by his side, arms crossed and a amused smirk playing on his face. Richie pulled out another cigarette.

"Yeah, we're perfect together. Super cute. The trashmouth to Eddie's prince. Couple goals. *Find a boyfriend who looks at you the way Richie looks at Edward* —" Richie blabbered in his redemption of a thirteen year old girl. He knew he was a pissy baby, but he couldn't help, he had heard and read this too many times in the last months and he was too tired for it again. That's the good thing about friends, he

found, you can be rude to them. And it's fine, because they'll just be rude back.

"No, dipshit," Bill lightly elbowed him in the ribs, gesturing towards Eddie. "You don't look at each other like that."

"What?" He asked with a offended glare. Bill rolled his eyes.

"What I'm saying is: you don't look at each other with butterflies and happiness. I mean, you both know that things can't be perfect and won't be perfect. You look at each other with reality, but at the same time there's this *feel*," He trailed off, shrugging, seemingly at a lost for words. Bill. The writer. "I guess at the same time it seems like there's still a fairytale awaiting you two."

Richie exhaled the smoke through his nose nodding. He got it. "This isn't puppy love. It's real life."

Bill smiled, "Exactly."

Things hadn't at all go according to plan for the both of them.

When Richie arrived in California what he found wasn't the walk of fame or beautiful people and a perfect weather.

When he arrived what greeted him was dust, a twelve months summer, a two bedroom-one bathroom apartment that he shared

with five other guys and a city who three fourths of the population had the same dream as him.

And Richie realized he had picked a whole fucking bouquet of oopsie-daisies,because apparently Derry wasn't the only place dreams went to die.

Richie tries to think of these first year as a lesson but all he could come up with was anger.

And how things got a hundred times worse when he called Eds's house and all that answered him was a message that the number was no longer in service.

There was nothing to it. The only thought he remembers from that time was that *he had built his own nightmare*.

It was like that stupid as shit Richard Siken quote he had to read for school: "Eventually something you love is going to be taken away." And just like that it motherfucking happened and Richie was falling to the ground crying, just like he said, thinking: *I fucking knew it would happen and Goddamnit, Roger that piece of shit didn't clean the floor this week .*

He remembers his roomates — the only thing he remembers about them really, asking with drunk tongues why he still had ambitions when everything was going to shit.

"Of course I have ambitions, otherwise I would just sleep all day, like you." He said, with condescendance dripping from his mouth, looking over at the disgusting mess of males around him and the misery he had pushed himself into.

The thing was he wouldn't let himself lose everything he got, Eddie, to live a life like this. He would push his way through hell, claw a meter at a time, but he would emerge.

Richie got upset at everything during those years. Per example, his brand new agent wanted him to say some homophobic jokes? Yes, *sure*. *Even though I'm gay*. He would crack jokes about fucking his girlfriend's mom, hurt other people with slurs and biased comments, but never had the courage to speak up to nobody.

He was no good at telling people things. Like 'I don't like this restaurant,' and 'I would rather eat my own arm than go to this party,' and 'I want to write my own material'.

So, yes, he got upset for everything those days, and swallowed it all. Swallowed with the burning trail of the alcohol, inhaled with the weed, snorted with the coke. He picked himself up as best as he could, because that was he being brave, that was he getting through it, and he would punch anyone who dared say that he was losing himself, that he was cracking, that the Richie Trashmouth was cowering. No one could fucking tell him what his brave looked like. What was he supposed to be doing hun? *How was he supposed to move on from something that shouldn't have ended, that should still be with him?*

He got angry a lot too, and he would do anything to prove that *no, he's not mad* and that he's still in control, like bang his head in a wall

until he had a giant bump on his forehead to cover the next day, or sneakily drink a whole bottle of whiskey alone.

He knew that one day he would pay for the little crimes he committed: the stolen glances, touches, kisses. That last night. In his heart all that summed up to love but his mind screamed at him *danger danger danger*.

But life went on with people passing through him like a blur, like he was under water and no one became a part of him, neither did he become a part of them. And the same thought every time he threw another bottle of whiskey away: was Eddie worth this? Was Richie holding onto him worth the space he was taking up? *yes*,

And here's the thing that nobody gets and Richie wished his younger self would've known: There's no rock bottom. Some holes just keeping getting deeper and deeper and you never get the chance to start again. To stop, look up at the light, breath through your nostrils, get yourself up, dust yourself off and start climbing your way back.

But here's the thing he's grateful, he got too close to the border yes, but just as he was leaning to fall he was grabbed and shoved back.

Eddie reached out to him. His agent had gotten a call saying that a male model was interested in a campaign with him, and Richie almost said no, because he hated those types but he shutted the fuck up when the name Edward Kaspbrak left the other's mouth, and he swore he could already feel the air suffocating him and at the same time teaching him how to breathe again.

Needless to say he spent the whole night on the internet, seeing picture after picture of Eddie in various countries, in very uncomfortable clothes, in editorial pictures, gorgeous candids of him strolling in New York, or Paris. And of course he almost had a mental breakdown because how stupid he could be to *never try and look Eds online?*

He was drinking big gulps of coffee, trying to wake himself up, at a table on one of those fancy shops, with chandeliers and naked cakes and a display of endless pastries that he guessed, three-quarters were thrown away daily.

“That’s probably a bad idea.” He heard behind him.

Eddie Kaspbrak — or Edward, his public name — was behind him, pushing his hair out of his soft-eyes and smiling down at Richie. And just like that Richie fell in love again.

“Yeah,” He croaked, still wide eyed. And somehow Eddie’s smile softened even more. *Damn those summer boys.* “when I was fourteen and vibrating in place. It’s safe now.” No, it really wasn’t. *Danger danger danger.*

Eddie ordered a green tea, and he couldn’t tear his gaze away from the bones shifting under Eddie’s wrist, the same way his small body had enough space to swim inside the white sweater he was wearing.

He starts talking, the moment is champagne-colored, and there’s a enormous vase of marigolds by his side and you can tell that the boy — almost man — in front of him will be just as achingly bright too,

one day. Rather sooner than later.

“My mom wanted to live with my aunt in New York, she wanted me to go to school there,” He hadn’t touched his green tea yet, it’s been five minutes since the waiter delivered it already. “I didn’t had time to tell anyone, just Mike, but you know he couldn’t tell you, he didn’t had a phone. I gave him my aunt’s address so he could send letters, maybe.” He sighed and splayed his hand across the table with hunched shoulders. “I think—” He scrunched his nose, thinking, *adorable*. “five months later? Yeah about that time,” he nodded to himself, finally taking a minuscule sip of the tea, “I was scouted by a agency. I was at the farmers market, and the guy came up to me. I was so tired of my mom and my aunt. I didn’t want to live like them so...” He trailed off, biting his lips.

“You just... up and went?” Richie said shocked, grabbing the tips of Eddie’s pointer finger. The smaller blushed.

“Yeah,” He giggled. “I of course took all the precautions and checked that they were safe and all that stuff,” He waved dismissively, pausing to ask the waiter for some water. “But once I saw it was okay I grabbed my stuff and climbed in the cab. Just left a note behind.”

He paused, tracing Richie’s cheekbones and jaw with his eyes, they were so tender, Richie ached to reach out. He did, slothing his fingers between Eddie’s and bringing them to his lips. Kissing them with a smile so found he was afraid it was sweeter than the chocolate bombs behind the glass cases — that were as cold as the fingers brushing the stub on his jaw.

“I didn’t reach out to you before, I’m sorry—” But Richie was already cutting him off, shushing him. He understood even before it got out

of Eddie's mouth. It didn't matter. He knew that Edds probably wanted to prove something to himself first, always so brave, and Richie didn't blame him for the way he coped with it. He had internet too, and the boy was everywhere, he was sure if he had tried to talk to Eddie one, two, *three* years ago he would have said yes.

He missed seeing that wild smile spread across his best friend face, missed seeing the dimples, missed the rose of his cheeks. Missed him so much.

God Richie wanted Eddie so badly he was afraid a glimpse of the boy's ankle would kill him.

They kissed, and Richie took Eddie to his apartment, where the walls were painted correctly and the floor was clean. Laid him on the sheets, watching his curls spread around his head, smelt the scent of his skin that were very similar to sugar, and rain and sun. Light. His sweaty curls so soft like rose petals on satin as Richie's ran his fingers through it, and marveled at the angel-grin he gave him when they were both panting side by side, before diving and nuzzling into his jaw, leaving a soft kiss, that for a reason burned. He looked at those angels features and remembered how he had been wishing for a rock bottom, but knew that now, the only thing he would allow himself to do was soar.

Eddie was six months younger than Richie and already did half the things the other couldn't even bring himself to consider, feeling like a little boy learning to handle things the other toyed with.

That was April. It was spring and this way around it was Eddie teaching him to breath. It was two months later when Richie gave back to Eddie the taste of brown sugar and strawberries, something

soft and sweet for him to hold onto.

And they both worked together, so Eddie wouldn't take so much into accord the size of his stomach and Richie would realize that cocaine didn't put the same smile on his face that his friends and his lover did.

Those years full of bowls of cereal, avocados on toast, hot chocolate, beaches, puppies, cinnamon, luxury vacations, a pomeranian called Raindrop, and shine things, and New York, and The City of Angels. And photos, so many photos.

Now is April one more time, with Richie standing by the love of his life in front of a wall of overpriced flowers and guests that extend to way more than just their families and friends, bathed by soft yellow light. The afternoon shine making the pollen around them dance in the air, making flips and curves, the beautiful and impetuous man in front of him, at the same time bold and dreamlike — there but not quite *there* .

The way Eddie's finger felt on his, how he could feel his heart rate wild through his fiance ring finger and the chill of the cold kiss of wind on his neck, both they hearts racing, and even in the impending doom of a heart attack Richie had never felt more alive.

But on his vows he wanted to remind other things. Not spring, but summer.

At the sign of little freckles on top of Eddie's nose and tears on the corner of his eyes, Richie remembered the years spent with the little

boy, who talked too fast and cared too much and was too brave and overall too much that he had to start asking people *how small you want me to be?* before shrinking.

He started talking about sharing nectarines while he lighted a cigarette by the Quarry, sharing notes, fanny packs full of colorful band-aids for his friends, when they were both unashamed of singing, of sun-blistered shoulders because Richie refused to put sunscreen on, even if he reflected the sun for how pale he was, and Eddie with heat-dizzied eyes and a ice cream cone, halfheartedly lecturing him, riding bikes back home at sunset beaming, the wind blowing their curls back — a mess of little dandelions and daisies stuck to them.

Their friends knowing grins and annoyed eyerolls, when they half-yelled half-laughed fighting for the spot in the hammock.

How he thinks he accomplished his goal: to laugh forever with someone he took serious.

Richie was just looking for a settling — not a happy ending, because endings weren't happy, — one that didn't came with him snarling and holding onto offensive remarks. But one with laughter hidden under their tongues, honey eyes, lily-freckled shoulders, amen.

Author's Note:

so yeah the next one is the last work of this series!
yay! i'm finally going to finish something in my life.
this is big for me, okay. the next one is domestic
fluff. with babies. and puppies. and i hope no angst, i
mean i'm almost sure no angst and just fluff because i
can't see how i would be able to throw it in their, but

i'm sure if i think enough i'll find a way. please come talk to me at my social media you guys.

[My twitter!](#)
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